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THE MILLENNIUM.

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Juvenile
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THE MILLENNIUM;

OR,

TWELVE STORIES,

DESIGNED

TO EXPLAIN TO YOUNG BIBLE READERS,

THE

Scripture Prophecies

CONCERNING THE

GLORY OF THE LATTER DAYS.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "CHRONOLOGY OF ANCIENT HISTORY," "SUSANNAH" &c.

"Angel of Life, thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore!"

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PROVO, UTAH

INTRODUCTION.

THESE Stories are designed to make easy to the youthful reader of the Holy Scriptures, some of the most beautiful and interesting portions of Sacred Prophecy. It is certain that great and glorious changes are to take place in the moral and spiritual state of the earth. These are very fully described in the Word of God. This attempt to render intelligible to young persons the leading predictions of Scripture concerning the LATTER DAYS' GLORY, will, it is hoped, meet with the approbation of the public, and subserve the improvement of youth.

THE MILLENNIUM.

FIRST STORY.

A CERTAIN company of children who belonged to one family, used in summer to play together in a lovely orchard.

From the bottom of this orchard, where the view was not impeded by the trees, was to be seen a beautiful country, consisting of woods, lawns, rivers, pasture grounds clothed with flocks, neat little cottages, and here and there the tower of a village church rising above the trees; beyond all these fair objects appeared a range of beautiful hills, which in a fine morning seemed of a dark, rich blue, and in an evening were all

glorious with the bright rays of the setting sun, for these hills lay westward of the orchard in which the children used to play.

It happened one summer-season, that the children being allowed as usual to play in this pleasant place, they observed, that every day at a certain hour, an old gentleman came into the orchard and seated himself on a bench, which was fixed under one of the trees.

This old gentleman—and he was very old, was dressed in such garments as poor men usually wear, with only this difference, that his clothes were so exceedingly neat and clean, that not a spot could be seen upon them.

He wore a suit of coarse grey cloth, grey woollen stockings, thick shoes which were of a shining black, with small round old-fashioned buckles, and a coarse, clean shirt, with a neat silk handkerchief round his neck. Such was the dress of this old gentleman; and he came into the orchard nearly

at the same hour every day, and, sitting down on the bench under the tree, took out of his bosom a clasped book, in which he used to read for some time, and then place it again carefully in his bosom, and sit as if meditating upon what he had been reading; sometimes the children, who looked at him from a distance, thought that he was praying, for he lifted his eyes up to heaven from time to time and clasped his hands together, and his lips moved, though he uttered no sound.

Many people think that they cannot pray without kneeling down, and such people plead that they cannot pray very often, because it is impossible for them to be constantly kneeling down in the midst of their work, or in company. But those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who have a pleasure in conversing with him in prayer, know that every time is fit for prayer, and that they can pray and lift up their hearts to God at all times—when they are walking, and when they are sitting still, and when they are in

company, and when they are working with their hands, and when they are on a journey, and when they are sitting at their meals. Such persons learn to pray silently and to hold discourse with their dear Saviour when no one knows it.

But to return to my story. For several days the children observed the old gentleman at a distance, and talked to each other about him; they said one to another, who is he? and whence does he come from? and why does he wear those grey clothes? and why does he come into this orchard at this hour? and what is that book which he is reading, and which he seems to love so much?

Then said one of the little boys, it must be the Fairy Tales; no remarked another, it cannot be the Fairy Tales, because that is not the prettiest book in the world, it must be Robinson Crusoe? no, added a little girl, Robinson Crusoe is not a very pretty book, it must be the Fable Book, or Mrs. Teachum.

Now I am sorry to say, that these little children, who played in this orchard, knew nothing about God, because nobody had ever taught them to look to their Creator; and the natural man never seeks him unless he is drawn unto him. They had been taught to dance, and to play on the *piano forte*, and to read French, but no word had ever been spoken to them about their Saviour, and only one amongst them possessed a bible. This was a little boy called Henry Martyn. There are several Henry Martyns now in the world, but they are nearly all giddy foolish boys, who, I greatly fear, love play more than they love God; but this Henry Martyn was a very holy and lovely little boy. He had no papa and mamma, for they were dead; but somebody had given him a bible when he was only five years old, and he had read this bible every day since that time, and thus, with God's blessing, had been brought to the knowledge of his own evil nature, and the goodness of God the Father in sending his Son to die for sinners. On his bed at night, he had often thought of these

things, for the Lord the Spirit was with him, and had made him to differ from most other children, who live in this world as strangers to their God.

I wish all little Henry Martyns, and indeed all other little boys were like him; and God grant that many may become so! Now when this good boy heard his companions disputing about the old gentleman's book, and when he heard one say, it must be the Fairy Tales, and another it must be Robinson Crusoe, and another it must be the Fable Book; he said, I think you are all mistaken, for I am sure that book is the bible, for there is no other book in the world fit to be loved and honoured as that old gentleman loves his book, except the bible.

The bible is the word of God, written down by holy men in old time. God put these words in their head and their heart, and they wrote them down in books: and therefore, every word of the bible is true, which we cannot say of any other book.

Then answered one of the little girls, whose name was Lucy, I should very much like to get acquainted with that nice old gentleman; and so should I, said another little girl; and so should I, said a third; thus it was agreed amongst them, that it was very desirable to get acquainted with the old gentleman, and to find out the name of his book. But who will go first? was the next inquiry. Which of us will speak first to him?

Then said Henry Martyn, I will speak for you to the old gentleman, if you will tell me what questions I must ask him; and if you will come with me close up to him.

Oh! that we will with all our hearts, answered the children; and I, said Lucy, with my sister Emily will walk one on each side of you.

Then the children told Henry Martyn what questions he was to ask, and he walked up to the old gentleman, with the little girls,

one on each side of him, and the rest of the children following him.

Now the good old gentleman had been very busy reading, but as he saw the little company advancing, he put up his book and looked pleasantly towards them, till they were quite close to him and then said; good morning, my little people; you are come up in such form, that I suppose you have some business with me, pray what may it be? I shall have great pleasure in doing any thing for you in my power.

Then stepped forward Henry Martyn, and making a very low and courteous bow, (for you may always know whether little boys fear God, by their civility to every body,) he said, Sir, we wish to know your name.

My name, said the old gentleman smiling, is Bernardo.

And where do you live Sir? asked Henry.

I lodge at a small house at the entrance of the village of St. Mary's, which is, you know, about a quarter of a mile from this place; and you may know my window, when you pass that way, by the many sweet flowers with which my kind hostess adorns it every morning.

And pray Sir, said the little boy, why do you come here every day?

Because, replied the old gentleman, I cannot walk very far, and I have found a very convenient seat in this place, from which I can behold many of the most glorious works of God, high hills and green fields, and downs, and groves, and waterfalls; and here I can hear the songs of many birds, and the bleating of many lambs; and here I am assisted in my meditations on the goodness of God, and led to consider, that if this world is now so beautiful when filled only by sinful creatures, how much more so it will become in the latter days, when every heart will be filled with the love of God, and

nothing shall enter therein that giveth offence—then paradise shall be restored, and every tear be wiped from every eye.

Then little Henry Martyn put his last question, which was to this effect; pray, Sir, what is the name of that book, which you bring out of your bosom and read every day with such pleasure?

My dear little boy, said Bernardo, can you doubt what this book is? It is the bible; I read it with delight, because it tells me of such things as I can find in no other book; such sweet and pleasant things as are not to be met with elsewhere throughout the whole earth. It teaches me that I have a friend in heaven, who having willed my salvation through all eternity, will take all sin out of my heart, and when this poor, ugly, old, wrinkled body dies and falls to pieces, will watch over it, and raise it, at the resurrection, out of the grave, put it together again, and make it all glorious and beautiful; yea, so glorious that there shall be neither spot

nor wrinkle, nor smallest defect therein. In this book also I find descriptions, not only of the glory of heaven, but of the beauty and happiness of that blessed time, when all the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea: for a time will assuredly come, my little ones, when the whole earth shall be set at liberty from the dominion of sin. This period we are told will come, when the earth having filled her week of labour and sorrow, shall begin to enjoy her sabbath of a thousand years, for a thousand years is as one day with the Lord; hence every thousand years of the earth's duration is called a millennium, from the Latin word *mille*, a thousand. And the last happy thousand to which we look, is therefore especially called the Millennium of the sabbath; and I find in the bible such sweet accounts of that happy time, that the very thought of it fills my heart with joy.

Sir, said little Henry Martyn, I have a bible and I have often read in it, but I have not found any of these things.

Because, said the old gentleman, you perhaps wanted a guide and teacher, my little boy: but you must know, that there is this thing remarkable in the bible, that you may read it every day of your life, from five years old to my age, which is more than seventy, and yet find new things in it; yes, you might read it perhaps to all eternity, and still find deeper and deeper stores of wisdom; and more than this, if the Holy Spirit go not along with you, when you are reading it, to help you to understand, it must for ever remain a sealed book to you.

Then, said little Lucy, who had not ventured to speak before to the old gentleman, Sir, we are very ignorant children, we know nothing of any of these things, how happy should we be, if you would let us come to you at our play hours, whilst you are sitting under this tree, and if you would explain some of these things to us, for there is but one amongst us who has a bible, and he cannot teach us much. The old gentleman's eyes first sparkled with joy, and then

the tears came into them, when the little girl made this request, and he had such a feeling in his throat, that, for a minute or two, he could not speak.

Whilst the children waited for his answer, those whose hearts were inclined to seek instruction pressed around him, looking eagerly at him and anxiously expecting his reply.

At length he spoke, and said, my dear little ones, I have not power to express the pleasure you have given me by making this request. When I saw you, my dear children, from day to day, playing in this orchard, and having no thought, as I feared, of your God and Saviour, my affections were drawn out towards you; and I often lifted up my heart in prayer for you, that you might be brought to the knowledge of your God. Now blessed be my God, in that he has heard the prayer of his unworthy servant, and sent you as doves, flying to the windows (Isaiah lx. 8.) to seek that knowledge which may, with

God's blessing, lead to salvation. My prayer now is, that the Holy Spirit may assist me, unworthy though I am, in administering such instruction to you as may be entirely agreeable to the word and will of God, and instructive to your young minds.

The old gentleman then repeated to the children, the hymn which is to be found at the end of this first story. As the hour generally allowed them for play was now nearly spent, he promised that he would endeavour to meet them, at the usual hour on the following day, in order to begin their discourse on religious subjects.

"How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age."

SECOND STORY.

The next day, as soon as the children had permission to play, they ran in great haste into the orchard, and placed themselves round the tree, where the old gentleman had promised to meet them. He was not yet come, for it wanted more than a quarter of an hour to the time which he had fixed for meeting them.

The little ones placed themselves on the grass, round the tree, and sat talking of the things which Bernardo had spoken, till they saw him enter at the gate, which was at the head of the orchard. He was dressed as usual, and came forward leaning on his staff. The children, however, observed that he held in his hand a small open basket; but they could not tell, even when he came close

to them, what was in it, because the top of it was covered with silver paper.

The little ones uttered a cry of joy when they saw him, and rising up, stood round the tree, till he came up to them, and took his seat on the bench. Henry Martyn and Lucy asked leave to take their seats at his feet, and the rest were all placed on the grass around them. It was a short space before Bernardo was able to speak, because he was old, and out of breath with walking, and fatigued with carrying the basket; but when he recovered his breath, he took his beloved book out of his pocket, and spoke in this manner to the children.

My beloved little ones, how exceedingly happy I am to meet you in this place again, and I hope we shall spend one hour every day throughout the pleasant summer months, in talking of good and holy things. I may not be alive another summer, for I am very old, but when I am dead you will, perhaps, remember our conversations, and they will,

I trust, be blessed to you: for, though I am a poor, weak, ignorant, old man, yet if it please God, (and I know it will please him) he can put wise words in my mouth, such as may administer to your everlasting benefit.

Now I have told you what this book is, which I hold in my hand, and how dear it is to me, and how many excellent things I find in it.

This holy book speaks of things which were done before the foundation of the world; it speaks of the creation of the heaven and the earth; of things which happened from the time of Adam to the coming of Jesus Christ; it gives us the history of our dear Saviour when on earth; it teaches us how he humbled himself, to take upon him the body of a tender infant, being made in all things like unto us, yet without sin. From this book we may learn how he spent all his days on earth in doing good, and how at last he endured upon the

cross the punishment due to our sins; how he died, and was buried, and rose again on the third day, and ascended into heaven, where he now sits at the right hand of God the Father.

This holy bible, continued Bernardo, also treats of things which are to happen in the last days, when Christ our Saviour will come again in glory. In the four gospels we find the account of our Saviour's abode with us, in his state of suffering and humiliation, but it is in the books of the prophets, that we find the history and description of his second coming, and it is my great delight, my dear children, to turn from the account of his sufferings and his cruel death, to the view of those lovely passages in scripture, whereby I am led to the assurance of seeing him in glory, and finding myself united with him for ever.

Sir, said Henry Martyn, the more you talk, the more I am puzzled, and so are we all. When I was a very little boy, my

dear father and mother, who are now dead, taught me something about religion, which I have never forgotten. They informed me about God, and about my wicked heart, and about Jesus Christ; and told me that I cannot do well without the help of the Holy Spirit. But yet I cannot say, that I have any exact notion about these things; and some how, when you begin to talk, I get more puzzled. I cannot understand what you mean by the second coming of Christ; and I cannot think how you find all the things you speak of in the bible. Please, sir, to explain all these things to us.

My dear children, said Bernardo, religion is a very easy, and yet a very difficult thing. It is easy, because the humblest child may know enough of it for his own salvation; and it is difficult, because people who are wise in their own opinions can never comprehend it. The first thing to be understood in religion, is that there is one only God, and that this God is infinite, his power is infinite, his goodness is infinite, his mercy

is infinite; he is every where, knows every thing, and can do every thing.

"Infinite!" repeated Henry Martyn; what is *infinite*, sir?

Look at that white tippet around your sister's neck, said Bernardo, what is that which borders it?

A blue fringe or ribbon, said Henry.

That tippet, then, said Bernardo, is finite. It has a border, and that which is contained within the border, is very small; and now tell me, what surrounds this orchard? A hedge, said Henry Martyn.

That, however, which is contained within the hedge is much larger than that within the ribbon; is it not so? said Bernardo.

Surely it is, sir, replied Henry Martyn.

Nevertheless, the tippet and the field have

each their border, and may be measured. Now the earth, the sea, and the whole visible universe have each their border, or their end, and their beginning; but God has none: he is infinite; and all his qualities are also infinite. There is no end or border to them; no spot or stain upon them; in one word, he is perfect; and his nature is as much above our understanding, as the things we are talking of are beyond the comprehension of yonder little emmet, that crawls on the ground. The first step then in true religion, my dear little ones, is to understand that there is one holy and true God; and the next is to know, what we might naturally expect from a perfectly holy and powerful God.

How, sir, said Henry Martyn; what do you mean by *expect?*

The Bible, my dear little man, said Bernardo, teaches us that God is perfectly holy, that is, that he cannot suffer or endure any thing wicked; and that he is also

perfectly just, and therefore certainly will punish every fault to the very uttermost; and, indeed, that he cannot help doing this, because God cannot overlook wickedness, and thus be supposed to encourage or allow it. For this reason we must not flatter ourselves, when we do wrong, with the thought that God will overlook our faults, and pass them by, or forget them, as our fellow creatures do, for every fault will bring its certain and just punishment; therefore, if we have at any time offended God, we must find out some way of making it up to him; for he is one, who, according to the perfection of his nature, requires to be paid to the uttermost farthing.

Oh, sir, said Lucy, I don't understand you. We all do wrong every day; and do you say, that God never forgives? What is to become of us then? To be sure I don't understand much of these things, but I have often heard people say, that God is merciful, and that he will overlook little faults.

God, my dear child, replied Bernardo, is infinite; that is, he is perfect in all his qualities. He is not a *little* good, a *little* kind, a *little* just, like one of us, or the *best* of us: but he is perfectly good, and therefore cannot look upon wickedness; and perfectly just, and therefore cannot overlook it. Accordingly, those who trust that their sins will be passed over without punishment, have made a dreadful mistake. But here, my children, here comes in the wonderful mercy of God, and this is what I am trying to make you understand; there is but one God, but in that God there are three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. These three make one. In what way they are one, we know not, any more than we can understand how the soul, the body, and the mind or intellect, form one human being. This God then being, as I before said, perfectly holy, just and merciful; all knowing, and all powerful; foresaw, before the world was created, that the beings he was about to make, being tempted by the Devil, would fall into

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all the punishment due to our sins: thus satisfying his own justice, and displaying his hatred of sin in the eyes of all creation.

Secondly, God the Son came into the world, and fulfilled the whole will of the Father. And,

Thirdly, God the Holy Ghost has undertaken to prepare us for that happiness, which is laid up for us in the world to come.

This, my dear children, continued Bernardo, is the whole outline, or scheme, or

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[redacted] but hope that more and more of the will of our heavenly Father will be revealed to us, in proportion as we have need of that knowledge.

I think, said Lucy, that I understand a little respecting that which frightened me so much when you began to speak, Sir. You said, that because God was perfectly just, he could not forgive. A just person is one who will have all his rights I know: and God you say must be perfect in every thing. Is it not the same as if I were to owe a great debt to the king, and he was forced not to forgive me because of the

laws; and my sister was to pay it for me; and the king was willing to take my sister's money for mine; I should then be free from my debt, and the king would have his money, and all would be right?

Exactly so, replied Bernardo; but you must remember this, that it was the children of Adam who owed this debt to God; and that Christ our Saviour, before he could be admitted to stand in our place, and pay our debt, was obliged to become one of us, and to be born a child of Adam after the flesh.

How wonderful! said Lucy and Henry. All this is quite new to us. We hope that we shall some day understand these things better than we do now. But, Sir, said Henry, if God is good, and cannot do wrong, how came he to make us with wickedness in our hearts?

God did not make us so, my dear little people, said Bernardo; *that* is very certain.

Every thing that God made was very good, as it is written in the last verse of the first chapter of Genesis. We know also from the third chapter of Genesis, how wickedness entered into the world, through the temptation of Satan in the serpent, and the disobedience of Adam and Eve. But how the evil angel, that old serpent, who was once, we believe, a glorious angel in heaven, first devised evil, we cannot tell: these are things beyond our knowledge. The old gentleman then directed Henry Martyn to look into the book of Jude, where he found these words: "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day."

In this part of their discourse, Bernardo, observing the place of the sun in the heavens, and remarking that it would soon be time for him to depart, thanked his little audience for the attentive hearing which they had given him, during the last hour.

This day, my little ones, he said, we have spoken on some of the most important subjects which can be brought before the consideration of human beings. And I trust that I have, in some degree, succeeded in giving you a sort of outline of the religion of the Bible. To-morrow I trust I shall be enabled to explain to you some of those bright and glorious prospects, which are afforded to us in Scripture, to encourage us to proceed steadily in the way of holiness: and then, my dear children, you will be able to understand my reasons for choosing this lovely retirement for the place of my meditations. But our hour is now nearly gone, and we must see what I have got in my little basket.

Bernardo now took his basket on his knees; for, during their conversation, he had placed it under the seat, and all the children got up, and drew more closely round their kind friend. Bernardo was old, and his hand shook; he was, therefore, some time in untying some fine white pack-

thread, which was crossed backwards and forwards over the silver paper; but the children stood very quietly, and did not show any impatience, excepting a little sister of Lucy's, called Sophia, who pushed in between her companions, and almost knocked down the basket; but being gently reproved she submitted, and afterwards stood quite still. At last, the packthread was untied, and the silver paper removed, and there appeared a number of very neat little books, all beautifully bound, some in purple adorned with gold, some in green, some in red, and some in yellow. Bernardo took them out of the basket, and ranged them in order upon a part of the bench which formed his seat. The children were not slow in counting them. There were in all twelve books, which was one apiece for every child, with the exception of *one*.

My dear children, said Bernardo, I have brought twelve little hymn books for you; I had no more by me, or I should have brought one for each; neither can I get

any more of the same kind at present. Now one of you must give up the pleasure of having a book, and let me see which of you is willing to yield to your companions.

Then said one of the boys, called Robert, I think Sophia ought to give up her's, because she is the least: no, said a little girl, whose name I shall not now tell, I don't think she ought, Master Robert: I think you are as proper a person to give up your book as Sophia, for you are the greatest dunce amongst us. Little John said, *his* brother James ought to give his up, because he was the biggest; and James said, John ought to give up his, because he was the least; but Henry Martyn, Lucy, and Emily, though with tears in their eyes, came forward, and each offered to give up their right to a book. Lucy, however, gave a reason why she thought she could do better without a book than Henry Martyn, because, said she, if Amelia has one, you know, I can sometimes read it. Well, said Bernardo, that is a good reason, and there-

fore, my dear little girl, I will take you at your word, and divide the books amongst your little companions; and I am glad to see that you remember what has been said to you, and endeavour by the help of the Holy Spirit to overcome selfishness.

A tear dropped from Lucy's eye, but she was quite steady in her resolution; and though, when the books were divided, Emily and Martyn each tried to persuade her to take their book, yet she resolutely refused.

When the pretty little books were divided and opened, they were found to be *hymn books*, very neatly printed, and in the first leaf was a delicate print, representing lovely fields and hills, with a group of children sitting in a circle under some trees, and employed in reading their Bible.

There, said Henry Martyn, this is a picture of the Millennium! Oh, Sir, what a lovely book. Lucy looked at Emily's, and tried to hide her tears from her sister by a pleasant

look; but Emily saw her tears, and said, Lucy, I cannot keep it, take it, pray take it.

Come, come, said Bernardo, wipe away your tears, my dear little girls; and then putting his hand in his pocket, he brought out a beautiful little Bible, with the same picture in it, which he presented to Emily. Lucy.

I only desired to see, my dear children, he said, which of you were willing to give up your own wishes to your companions. Three of you showed yourselves disinterested; and you, my little lady, have received your reward. But I wish you to bear in mind, that when we give up our selfish feelings for the good of others, we do no more than our duty. Indeed, our very best actions are so full of sin, that they cannot be accepted, in the sight of God. We can only be received into glory through the merits of our dear Saviour.

Then said Bernardo, let us sing the first

hymn in our little new books. I will lead with my old quavering voice, and you, my dear little ones, shall follow as well as you can.

Then sang Bernardo and the children the following hymn.—

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath;
Free and faithful; strong as death.

Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O, for grace to love thee more!"

THIRD STORY.

When the happy little party met in the orchard the next day, Henry Martyn put this question to his dear old instructor;—Sir, said the little boy, you have more than once mentioned the Millennium in your discourse; please, Sir, to tell us more about it.

My little man, said Bernardo, I told you yesterday, that the Bible not only spoke of things which happened before the foundation of the world, but that it also speaks of things to come, and particularly of certain happy days which are to come to pass in the latter periods of the earth, when our dear Saviour, Jesus Christ, shall be king over the earth. This period is called the Millennium, by way of excellence; and it is to

this period that innumerable passages of the prophecies point, in the most direct manner, and in the most glowing colours. The contemplation of this bright period has formed the happiness of my life, ever since I was a little child.

For, continued the good old gentleman, I was blessed with exceedingly pious parents. We lived in the country, on the skirts of a very beautiful wood. We were neither poor nor rich, but enjoyed every real comfort, which money could supply; and it was a frequent custom of my dear father's, in a fine summer's evening, to take me with my brothers and sisters, and our beloved mother, and sit in some beautiful part of the wood, where, whilst my mother and sisters worked, my father used almost always to talk of the glory of Christ's kingdom, when it should prevail on earth. The sweet thoughts to which he then gave utterance, have, from that time, so occupied my mind, that I have never ceased to think of them.

If dear parents knew how their words are remembered by their children when they are no more, surely they would never speak on any subject before them, but that which might tend directly or indirectly to their everlasting welfare.

Sir, said Henry Martyn, is your dear father alive?

No, my little man, said Bernardo, it is more than fifty years since my father departed this life, and went to that dear Saviour, for the prosperity of whose kingdom he had so long prayed. My mother, also, and brothers, and sisters, have all been long dead. But their removal has only made me think less and less of this present world, and take more and more delight in the prospect of future times. But now to explain to you what you desire.

The history of future times, or of the latter times of the earth, my dear children, is contained in those parts of the Bible

which we call *prophetic*. These parts also contain other things, for they foretold the sufferings and death of the Saviour, long before he appeared on the earth. They also speak of the national affairs of the Jews, and contain many important moral and religious lessons, besides prophecies. But the happy days, when the kingdom of Christ shall prevail on the earth, is the subject of which I mean to speak to you in this sweet orchard; and we will read some of the plainest parts of our Holy Book which speaks of these things. But I must tell you, before I enter further into this subject, that these things are told in figures, and under types, and this is the reason why many persons read them without understanding them; having eyes, they see not, and having ears, they hear not.

Sir, we don't understand you; said Henry. What do you mean by figures and types? Those are very hard words.

All little boys and girls, said Bernardo,

have read Æsop's Fables. Do you remember the story of the wolf and the lamb?

The children all replied that they had read it, and remembered it.

Well, then, said Bernardo, who can repeat the fable?

Henry answered that he could tell the story, though perhaps not in the words of the book.

The very words are of no consequence, replied Bernardo. Let us have the sense.

Once on a time, said Henry, a little lamb went to drink at a brook; and whilst he was drinking at the lower part of the stream, a wolf came to drink at a part nearer the head; and the wolf began to quarrel with him; and after finding many faults, complained that the lamb was dirtying the stream of water at which he was drinking. The lamb excused himself by saying, that it could not

be so, because the water ran from the wolf towards himself. On this, the wolf not being able to answer, flew at the poor lamb and tore him to pieces.

Very well, said Bernardo, but what is the sense of all this?

Why, said Henry, it means that great and cruel people will, without reason, use weaker ones ill, whenever they can get any thing by it.

Then, returned Bernardo, this wolf in the fable, is the type, emblem, or figure of all cruel tyrants, and the lamb is the type of helpless and harmless people; and it is under such types and figures as these, that the prophets describe future events: with this difference only, that almost every word in the books of prophecy has a typical meaning, which is sure and certain; whilst those in the fable-book are less fixed and certain, and sometimes mean one thing, and sometimes another.

And now, my dear little ones, in order to understand the words of prophecy, we must try to make ourselves acquainted with these types; and when we have done so, we shall find such beautiful things as will quite surprise us, and make our hearts burn to be with our dear Saviour, who has prepared all these glories for us.

Please then, Sir, said Henry Martyn, to explain first to us, some of those particular chapters which speak of the kindgom of our Lord on earth. You told us that the time when it was to take place is called the Millennium of the sabbath: when will it come, Sir?

Of that day, or hour, no man knoweth, said Bernardo; but so far we understand, that a week of seven days is a type. The work of creation began on our Saturday evening; and Saturday evening and Sunday morning were the first day; Sunday evening and Monday morning were the second day; Monday evening and Tuesday morning the

third day; Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning the fourth day; Wednesday evening and Thursday morning the fifth day; Thursday evening and Friday morning the sixth day; Friday evening and Saturday morning the seventh day, or sabbath.

Each of these days is supposed to be a type of a thousand years: the first of which ended at the time of Enoch: the second at the birth of Abraham: the third at the dedication of the temple: the fourth immediately after the birth of Christ: the fifth about 800 years since, more or less: the sixth, we believe, will be the end of the present state of things: and the seventh, the beginning of the reign of Christ on earth.

Oh! I understand it now, said Henry. The days of the week are types of the time in which the world was to be in wickedness, and be the slave of Satan; and the sabbath is the type of the time when our Saviour will be with his people, and be a king. How very curious! I could never have thought

of it. But you say, Sir, that Friday evening and Saturday morning make the seventh day—that is not our seventh day.

Our seventh day, replied the old gentleman, is not the *Sabbath;* it ought not to be called the *Sabbath*, but the *Lord's-day*. The Lord's-day is an emblem also; but I will not speak of it now. We will hold fast to the sabbath, and try to find out what this type contains. Let us read the account of it in the second chapter of Genesis.

The old gentleman then opened his Bible, and read these words:—"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." Then comes all the glorious description of Paradise, with

its beautiful trees and springs of water, and all things made for delight. In which description, if we read aright, we shall discern the promise of all those blessings, which we may hope will be found in the latter days upon the earth.

The good old gentleman then proceeded to this effect.—From the time of the fall of Adam to this day, my dear little children, the world has been filled with sorrow and sin. If you study history, you find nothing but accounts of violence and cruelty; and those who know what wicked thoughts are continually rising in their own hearts, as well as in those of other men, only wonder that long before this time, human beings have not torn each other to pieces, and made this world one wide wilderness.

But a promise has been given us in the Holy Bible, that at a certain period all this misery shall cease; that the dominion of the earth shall be taken from Satan, and the glory and happiness of Paradise be

restored. Open your Bible, my little boy, and follow me whilst I read some portion of the twentieth chapter of Revelations :— "And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled : and after that he must be loosed a little season."

And will it be when our Lord reigns on earth, that Satan will be shut up, Sir ? said Lucy.

Yes, said the old gentleman, it will be during the time in which the saints shall live and reign with Christ.

And will there be a resurrection before that time, Sir, asked Emily.

Hear what the Scripture says, my little lady, replied Bernardo.—"And I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus—and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished."

Then it will only be the good people, Sir, said Emily, who will rise from their graves, to live with our Lord, on earth?

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection," replied Bernardo; and who, my children, are the blessed and the holy ones, but those who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and have been separated, for Christ's sake, from the wicked and unbelieving world?

Then you think, Sir, said Henry Martyn, that all those people who died in Christ, will be raised up at this first resurrection, to live with Christ a thousand years; and

that this thousand years will be like one long day of rest and happiness ?

It is of little consequence what I think, my little man, replied Bernardo; rather ask me to repeat what Scripture says. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

But, perhaps, said Henry, it is only the martyrs, and those who gave up their lives for the Lord, who will be raised at this time.

The word martyr, replied Bernardo, means only *witness;* the martyrs, therefore, are no other than those who have borne witness in any way to the truth as it is in our Lord; but the Bible, my dear boy, makes no other distinction than between those who belong to our Lord, and those who belong to the *evil one.* Therefore, my beloved ones, you have nought to desire, if you wish to have a part in the

first resurrection, but that you may be separated from Satan and united to Christ.

But, what is a resurrection? asked little Ellen, one of the smallest of the children.

It is the raising up of the body after death, my little girl, replied Bernardo, when the soul shall go back thereunto. Every dead person will be raised up again—some to life and glory, and some to everlasting contempt. We believe, that, in the first resurrection, none will arise but those who are united to Christ, and over such the second death will have no power.

What is the second death? said Emily.

An eternal absence from the favour of God, replied Bernardo. May the Almighty grant, that we may never know by experience what this is!

Oh, said Emily, when may we hope to see the kingdom of Christ on earth?

No one can tell the hour in which the triumphant reign of Christ will commence, replied Bernardo; but the work of preparing souls for the enjoyment of that blessed time, is daily going forward, and not a day passes in which the Holy Spirit does not work some blessed change in many hearts. The nearer the time of the Millennium of the sabbath approaches, the more we may hope to see of the fruits of the Holy Spirit, blossoming on the face of the earth. Nevertheless, Satan, who knows that his time will be short, will do all he can to strengthen and enlarge his own kingdom; and, therefore, my little children, it must be your prayer to be kept in the hour of temptation.

Please, Sir, said Henry Martyn, now you have made us understand, that although the Millennium should not come these two or three hundred years, yet that we may hope to take part in its delights; please to have the kindness to show us some of those lovely chapters, which you spoke of, as describing that sweet time; and try to

make us understand the emblems contained in those chapters.

I will do so with pleasure, said Bernardo. How many of you have Bibles?

I have a Bible, replied Henry Martyn; and Sophia and Ellen shall read with me. And Emily and Jane shall read with me, in my beautiful new Bible, said Lucy.

Well then, said Bernardo, we will turn to the second chapter of the Prophet Isaiah, and see what we can make of it. We will read the four first verses, and I will endeavour to explain some of the emblems to you. He then caused Henry to read the first verse. "The word that Isaiah, the son of Amoz, saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem."

Isaiah, said Bernardo, was a prophet of Jerusalem, and his book contains many exceedingly beautiful predictions concerning the first and second coming of our blessed

Saviour. His prophecies are delivered under types and shadows; and he describes the Saviour that should come, sometimes under the character of a warrior fighting the enemies of his people; sometimes as a shepherd, bearing the tender lambs in his arms; sometimes as a bridegroom rejoicing in his redeemed ones, or a bridegroom rejoices over his bride; and sometimes, as a sheep brought to the slaughter: and, under all these various emblems, we may find our beloved Saviour, performing those various parts by which he accomplished our redemption, and will ensure our everlasting happiness. But proceed, and read the second verse.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it."

In this verse, my dear children, you find the kingdom or church of Christ represented

as a glorious mountain, on whose crowning summit we may fancy we behold the temple of God, with its fanes and towers of heavenly splendour; and this mountain is to be exalted above every hill, that is, above every kingdom or church on earth. This is the mountain of which Zion is the perpetual emblem. Zion is a hill near Jerusalem, where once stood the holy and beautiful temple built by Solomon. Zion is now neglected and forsaken; no one goes up to it with songs of rejoicing; it is barren and unadorned; no waters gush from its airy heights; neither cedars, palms, nor citrons, there afford their shade; nor does any thing green arise to solace the scorching heights. But, in the sabbath of the Millennium, the glory of Zion shall be restored. Moreover, it shall be established; it shall stand for ever; and all the converted among the Gentiles shall flow thereunto.

What do you mean, Sir, by the *converted?* asked Lucy.

Those, my dear child, said Bernardo, who are turned to Christ through the influences of the Holy Spirit; and the Gentiles are no other than the multitude of the heathen, compared in Scripture, to the mass of mighty waters which form the sea. Bernardo then directed Lucy to read the third verse.

"And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

What a glorious company will that be! said Bernardo, when the verse was finished; every one being redeemed from death, and set free from sin. There will be those who died in full age, descending into the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. There will be those who were cut off in the midst of their course, who were taken from the

bosoms of their families, when most they seemed to require their assistance; young people who were laid in their graves in the very bloom of life; little children and lovely babes, who being born in the first Adam, were made subject to the first death, but being regenerated according to the second Adam, were made partakers of redemption. These little holy ones, whom the Lord had bound as a signet upon his heart; whose dying eyes had once been raised up to him in speechless agony; these will all be then renewed in the likeness of their Saviour, with multitudes of all ranks, and conditions, and degrees of men,—exhorting each other to go up to the mountain of the Lord's house, there to learn his holy ways, to study his law, and to sing his praises.

Cannot you imagine, my dear children, what delightful discourse will pass amongst these redeemed ones, as they ascend these glorious heights; and what songs of triumph will go up to heaven from this assemblage of the ransomed.

The old gentleman then requested little Henry Martyn to read the fourth verse, viz. "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And now, my dear children, said Bernardo, before I can explain this verse, I must make a remark, which I have omitted, and that is, that you must understand and remember that every passage in prophecy has an open and a hidden meaning; and that it is to be understood in both of these meanings. For instance; if the prophet should say that there shall be no wild beasts in such a place, or at such a time, his meaning is first this; that the place will be really rid of all wild animals, and secondly that all cruel and fierce nations will also cease from the earth. Accordingly, in the verse which we have just read, we find, in the first instance, a promise that all wars and fightings, and all uses for hurtful weapons, are to cease at that time; and that

these instruments of cruelty will hence be employed for the service of the fields, and the gathering of fruits; and in the second, that all spiritual wars and fightings will cease; all discords, and disagreements amongst those who shine in the likeness of Christ, and the stony heart of man will be broken up and rendered soft, as with the plough, for the admission of the holy law of God. And now, my beloved ones, said the old gentleman, it is time for me to return home. To-morrow, if the Lord so please, we will meet again in this orchard, which is now become very sweet to me.

The little ones were sorry to find that the hour was gone. They rose up to thank the old gentleman, but he said, before we go, we will sing a hymn. He then pointed to one in the little collection which he had given them, and they all sang:—

"Behold the temple of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the skies,
And draw thereto all wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God they say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The king who reigns in Salem's tower,
Shall all the world command.

Among the nation he shall judge;
His judgment truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinners pride."

FOURTH STORY.

The children were kept at their lessons longer the next day than usual, because they were to have a holiday in the evening; and when they got into the beloved orchard, they found that Bernardo was there already, sitting under his favourite tree; and little Susan, as soon as she opened the gate, said, she saw a basket under the seat. It was true as Susan said, there was a basket there, and the children very much wished to know what was in it.

The little ones ran with all their speed down the gently sloping bank, and could hardly stop themselves in time, when they came near Bernardo, to make their bows and courtesies to the good old gentleman.

As soon as they were seated round him,

to their great joy, he brought out the basket, and presented each of the children, excepting Lucy and Henry Martyn, with a little plain Bible: and to Henry Martyn and Lucy he gave each a beautiful blank book, with a pencil, and told them they were to write in those books the texts which he explained to them out of the Bible.

Henry Martyn and Lucy thanked him in their own names, and in the names of all the children, for his kindness; and said, that they really felt ashamed to take so many presents from him; adding that, they hoped he was not poor, and that the presents he gave them would not cause any inconvenience to him.

The old gentleman smiled, and thanked the young people for having such a thought about him; and said, that he was not poor, and had no use for his money but in trying to do some little good with it. Then he taught them how they might best repay what he had done for them.

When you have any money, said he, given you for play things, ask your parents to give you leave to bestow it upon the poor.

And now, said the excellent Bernardo, now, my little ones, that you have all got Bibles, we shall be able to get on much better than we did before. Come, let us look for some suitable and interesting chapter for our consideration.

The good old gentleman then directed the children to find the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel. When they had done so, and were all placed on the grass around him, he first directed Henry Martyn to read the chapter from beginning to end.

In this chapter, my dear little ones, said he, we see the history of Christ our Lord and his people, represented under the type or picture of a shepherd, or herdsman, having flocks and herds, sheep and goats; and these flocks and herds are described as living upon high hills and mountains, and

being subject to the assaults of wild beasts, infesting these mountains.

How pretty that is, said Lucy; I never understood this before.

No one can understand any thing of the prophetical parts of the Bible, my little lady, replied Bernardo, who is unacquainted with the language of types and shadows. The types in the chapter now before us are, however, particularly easy; and, therefore, I have chosen it for you. You know that the shepherd is Christ; that flocks and herds are is people; that mountains are kingdoms; and wild beasts the cruel and unregenerate inhabitants of these kingdoms. So far you understand, and I will explain the meaning of the other emblems as we go along.

The chapter begins with calling on the prophet to prophecy against the shepherds of Israel. These shepherds are the inferior pastors, or those ministers and teachers, who are appointed to feed the flock, under the

Great Shepherd, which is Christ, our Lord. The prophet is commanded to reprove them for being careless, and for seeking to feed and clothe themselves, and not the flock. "Ye eat the fat," says the prophet, "and ye clothe you with the wool: ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock."

Fat, my dear children, said Bernardo, is the emblem of abundance and fulness, whether of things tending to spiritual good, or otherwise: and *wool*, *hair*, *feathers*, and *scales*, are the types of good works, or of man's natural righteousness. Feeding is also the emblem of the administration of spiritual nourishment; hence Jeremiah, in chap. iii. ver. 15. says, "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." Hence, these types being understood, the following is the signification of the reproof given to the inferior shepherds. "Ye fill yourselves with the abundance of the flock;" ye assume to yourselves the merit of their good works; and instead of teaching

your people, ye seek to destroy those already taught.

I understand all this, Sir, said Henry Martyn, excepting what you say about *wool*, *hair*, and *feathers*.

Then I think, my little man, said Bernardo, we will keep that subject for another time. Remember that you do not understand what I have said to you respecting *wool* and *hair;* and, should I forget to explain it, remind me at a future time; and now let us go on with our chapter.

In the next verse, these careless shepherds are reproved for not strengthening the weak, nor healing the sick, nor bringing back those which had strayed; and for other acts of injustice and cruelty. These, my dear children, who are reproved, are all those ministers and teachers of our Lord's people, who, for ages past, have sought only to make themselves great and powerful upon the earth; and have failed to take any care

of their people. The Pope, and those who ruled under him, were the chief of these offenders; and there are some of this sort still in many other Christian congregations.

The Prophet then proceeds, in the fifth and sixth verses, continued Bernardo, to show how the people of the Lord were to be scattered, because there were no shepherds to keep them together; and how they were to become a prey to all the cruel nations of the earth; and how they were for a time to be forsaken and destitute, and forgotten, and persecuted. For "my sheep," saith the Lord, "wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill: yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them." And then he goes on to pronounce his displeasure against these wicked shepherds. The four next verses contain his threatenings against those shepherds. Then come his sweet assurances, that he will himself appear in the defence of his people:— "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold I,

even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the people, and gather them from the countries, and will bring them to their own land, and feed them upon the mountains of Israel by the rivers, and in all the inhabited places of the country."

"I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel. I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God."

"And I will set up one Shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd. And I the Lord

will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them: I the Lord have spoken it. And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land; and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods. And I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing. And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them. And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beasts of the land devour them: but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid. And I will raise up for them a Plant of renown, and they shall be no more consumed with hunger in the land, neither bear the shame of the heathen any more. Thus shall they know that I the

Lord their God am with them, and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God. And ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God."

O what lovely verses, said Lucy, when Bernardo had ceased reading. I did not think there was any thing so sweet and so beautiful in all the Old Testament.

These verses, said Bernardo, are sweet indeed. They are the words of God the Father to his poor people, after he has been reconciled to them through the blood of his dear Son. In this chapter we have the whole history of the church or people of Christ, from the earliest times to the last blessed days, when Christ our Lord shall reign on earth, and we shall all be gathered together in one fold, under one Shepherd.

And is it not permitted us, dear children, to represent these things to our minds, so as that our hearts shall be filled with them?

Let us but fancy this wide earth, with all its sweet vallies, its high hills and forests, enjoying the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, of him who hath said, "There shall be showers of blessing," when the air shall be filled with the odour of many flowers, and blossoms bearing fruit. There will be no blight then,—no nipping frost,—no noxious winds,—no cruel beasts. There in the shadowy woods, beside the clear waters, may the happy inhabitants of the earth make their couches, and enjoy their rest; for they shall dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods. And the shepherd-king, even David, will be present then with us, and in his presence will be our chief delight. Our hearts will ever be glowing with love to him, and our tongues uttering his praises. We may fancy, that then one will be pointing out to another, how he was saved from the consequences of his sins; how he was united to his Redeemer in his first state of being, and how he had been raised up in glory from the tomb to the enjoyment of everlasting hap-

piness. Another will be telling of his past wanderings over dark hills, and of his various escapes from eternal death, effected by the grace of the chief Shepherd. Others will speak of their children, their parents, and their brethren, who are enjoying the same redemption with themselves.

The loveliest scenes which the earth can now present, said Bernardo, are not to be compared to the glories which shall appear, when the new creation shall arise, and the second Paradise shall be made to blossom for the reception of the second Adam. Not only will the world be then all lovely, but our hearts will be prepared for the enjoyment of this loveliness. Nothing will there be wanting: our joy will be complete,—yea, it will be so complete, that we cannot now even conceive how complete it will be.

Let us then, my children, lift up our hearts to him, who has prepared all these things for them that love him; and ever remember that nothing but sin—sin indulged and per-

sisted in, can prevent us from partaking of those joys which are promised to be revealed in the latter days.

Here the good old gentleman looked at his watch, and perceiving that his time was expired, directed the children to turn to the third hymn in the little collection; and presently the whole orchard resounded with the sweet sound of their young voices, joining in the song of praise with their venerable and dear instructor.

"No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then, O house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine."

FIFTH STORY.

The next day when the little party met in the orchard, it was earlier than usual, and the young people had some time to wait for their beloved old gentleman. But they would not wait in idleness, for Henry Martyn proposed that they should sing a hymn. Accordingly, they began to sing, and before they had finished their hymn, they saw Bernardo coming in at the gate.

It was very pleasant to the old gentleman, as he walked slowly down the hill, to hear the sweet voices of the children singing among the trees. It pleased him so much, that he lifted up his heart to God in thanksgiving. When he came near to the dear little flock, they all got up and advanced to meet him; and he then told them, that he

had never been better pleased in his life, than when he had heard their young voices sounding among the trees. So he seated himself under his tree, and they all placed themselves round him on the grass, with their little Bibles in their hands.

Now, my children, said Bernardo, turn to the fourth chapter of the Prophet Isaiah. The children were not so long in finding their places as they had been the days before. Then said Bernardo, the first verse of this chapter is hard to be understood; we will therefore leave it, and pass on to the second.

Then Bernardo read the second verse:— "In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped of Israel."

This verse, said Bernardo, speaks of the happy days of the Millennium, or the Millennial Sabbath. The branch of the Lord

means our blessed Saviour. He is often in prophecy called a *branch*. In these days our blessed Lord is not, I fear, much thought of. People in general are more afraid of offending any king, or great man of this world, than of doing any thing to make their Saviour angry. But in the happy days of the Millennium, the blessed Saviour will appear all beautiful and glorious.

You have seen the sun in the heavens surrounded with brilliant clouds, with colours of gold, and purple, and bright blue. To the eye the sun is the most glorious of created things, but the glory of the sun is not to be compared to that glory with which our blessed Saviour will be clothed, when he comes again to dwell among his people. There is no beauty on earth or in the heavens, which can be likened to his beauty. In those days the earth will bring forth all manner of excellent and delicious fruit; and it shall be for those who have escaped from the snares of Satan, and are made the children of the Holy Spirit.

Then Bernardo read again the third verse: "And it shall come to pass, that he that is left in Zion, and he that remaineth in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem."

The living, said Bernardo, are those over whom death hath no more power, because they are raised up in Christ; and such shall be counted holy.

The old gentleman then continued to read the fourth verse:—"When the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion, and shall have purged the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof, by the spirit of judgement, and by the spirit of burning."

Then, said Bernardo, in those days all who belong to the church of Christ shall be counted holy, through their dear Saviour; and their names shall be "written in the Lamb's book of life." Then the Lord shall

wash us all clean from our sins, and purge us from our iniquities, with the refining influences of his Holy Spirit.

"And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence. And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm, and from rain."

We do not exactly understand the whole of these verses, said Bernardo, when he had finished this chapter; but this we know, that the Spirit of the Almighty will, in the last days, dwell with every family belonging to his church, and that they shall find refuge in his holy temple from every trouble. And now, my dear children, let us again endeavour to picture to ourselves the happy and glorious state of the world, when our blessed Saviour is king over all the earth. No

doubt in those days the seasons will become milder, and there will not be that suffering from heat and cold which there now is. Many parts of the world are now very beautiful, abounding with lovely flowers and trees; but in the glorious days of the Millennium, the whole earth will bring forth her increase abundantly; fresh streams of water will pour forth from the hills and rocks; green and refreshing grass will cover the sandy deserts; and all kinds of fine trees—cedars, and fir, and box, and pine trees, shall grow upon the hills. Men and women will then be more beautiful in their appearance, because they will be holy and modest; and levity and vanity, or ill temper will not appear in their countenances. The mournings of unhappy infants will not then be heard, nor the channels of tears be ever traced on the dimpled face of childhood: for all such of these as died before they had committed actual sin, will have partaken of the benefits of salvation; and will, in this blessed period, be restored again in immortal freshness to their believing parents, because, of the mul-

titude of these is the kingdom of our Lord; for although in the present life they could effect no work worthy of reward, yet, in this particular, they will be found in no wise to differ from all others who are saved by grace; for we are all unprofitable servants. The household, therefore, which perhaps never assembled in this present state of life, will all be gathered together in the latter days, and weakness and unworthiness will be no hindrance to those whose sufficiency is in Christ. The pomps and vanities of this present state of being will then have passed away. The garments most coveted then will be those robes, which have been made white in the blood of the Lamb; no ornaments will be sought but those of a meek and quiet spirit. Poverty and want will be known no more; and none will think of joining house to house, and field to field: for the woods and groves will afford our parlours, our bed-chambers, and our oratories; and the whole earth will become our gardens and our pleasure grounds. But the chief happiness of those sweet days of the sabbath of a thousand years,

will be the presence of our approving Saviour. Without our God we cannot be happy; and when he is so humble and so kind as to come and live with us, every place must be like heaven. In those days, the little ones of Christ will be filled with such holy joy, that they will skip like young harts and roes on the mountains, and each one will continually cry, "My Saviour is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the lilies."

A few drops of rain at this time warned Bernardo to take his leave. So he called for the hymn; after which, taking some beautiful oranges from his pocket, he presented one to each, and took his leave.

"Hark! the Redeemer from on high,
Sweetly invites his favourites nigh;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thy invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.

I am my love's, and he is mine;
Our hopes, our hearts, our passions join:
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood,) is his delight.

Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn."

SIXTH STORY.

The venerable Bernardo was sitting the next day on his seat under the beloved tree, when the children came into the orchard. It was a very lovely day in Spring; all the trees and hedges were bursting forth with tender green leaves, buds and blossoms. Little lambs were sporting in the fields beside their mothers, and the birds were singing sweetly in the trees. The little children saw their dear old teacher, as soon as they set their foot within the gate of the orchard, and they all ran gently down the green slope, and having paid their compliments to their beloved friend, they presently seated themselves upon the grass, each with his Bible in his hands.

My dear children, said the pious old man,

suppose I were to tell you, that a great king was coming into this country, and that he was going to build an exceedingly fine palace, and to adorn it with all manner of precious stones, and costly furniture; and that if you would but profess yourselves to be his friends, he would give you each a place in his court, and make you his companions and friends for life. You would perhaps think this must be a very kind king, to make such an offer to poor little silly children like you.

Now all this is really true, and much more than I have told you. When a few more summer-days, and a few more winter-nights are gone away, a great King will come, who shall rule over all the earth. This King is "the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." "His countenance is as the sun shining in his strength." (Rev. i. 16.) "He is fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into his lips." (Psalm xlv. 2.) "He will appear in his glory," when he shall build up mount Zion. He is called "the bright and morning star." (Rev. xxii. 16.)

"The branch of righteousness." (Zech. iii. 8.) "The rose of Sharon." (Cant. ii. 1.) "The Plant of renown." (Ezek. xxxiv. 29.) "The King of glory." (Ps. xxiv.)

This, said Bernardo, is our king, and we may compare him to all that is lovely, beautiful, bright and precious in nature. But all our descriptions must fall short of his glory and excellency.

He is God, and he dwelt from all eternity in heaven, in such glory as angels cannot even look upon, unless they veil their eyes; and yet for our sakes, and in order to save us from hell, he came down from heaven, and was born like a babe, and thus took upon him the body of a man.

The Prophet Isaiah long before his birth, spoke of him in these words:—"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting

Father, The Prince of peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even for ever: the zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." (Isai. ix. 6, 7.)

"The child" which is to be born to us, said Bernardo, and which was actually born to us eighteen hundred and twenty-eight years ago, is Christ the Lord. And the government is to be upon his shoulder. He shall be ruler over all the earth, and his name indeed shall be called *Wonderful!* for who is so wonderful as our God? He shall also be called *Counsellor;* that is, one who gives wise advice, and excellent counsel. "The Mighty God!" yes, our Christ is God indeed —the everlasting Father; for he is our Creator, our Saviour, our heavenly and eternal Father. "The Prince of Peace" too shall be his name, because by his death he bare our sins, and made our peace with his beloved Father.

"Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

The kingdom of this our glorious Prince, said Bernardo, shall increase for ever. All other kings who have ever reigned have come to an end, or shall come to an end: but the kingdom of our Saviour shall never come to an end. He shall reign in Zion, the restored and heavenly Zion; and his kingdom shall continue to increase for ever and ever. Many enemies have risen up against him, and many have hated and despised him: but all these, in the end, shall be put down; and nothing but peace, order, and love, will be seen through all his mighty empire.

In the court of this our lovely King, you, my dear children, will each have a place and

a station, if it is not your own fault; for your Saviour invites you, intreats you to come unto him.

Those who are great and mighty in the courts of the kings of the earth, are always under dread of offending their royal masters, and of being cast down from their high estate; therefore it is written, in the 118th Psalm, 9th verse, "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

Nebuchadnezzar, that great king of Babylon, ordered that all the wise men of his court should be killed, because they could not bring to his mind the dream which he had forgotten: but our glorious King will not be subject to such changeableness and fickleness as the kings of the earth. "With him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." (James i. 17.) Those he has once loved he will love always.

But perhaps, continued Bernardo, you think that you shall never be able to stand

before so great a King, and that your vile bodies and sinful hearts will render you quite unfit to appear in the glorious courts of our Prince's palace.

Look well at me, added Bernardo; see what a poor, wrinkled, yellow, ugly old man I am; and I have within me a sinful heart, still more vile, if you could see it, than this vile body; and yet I hope, my dear children, to stand in my Saviour's presence, and not to be ashamed: and shall I tell you how this will be? He has promised, my beloved Saviour has promised, that he will change my vile body, that it shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body, (Phil. iii. 21.) and that he will wash me within, and make me clean, and present me to himself, without spot or wrinkle. (Eph. v. 27.)

In a little while I shall lay this my vile body down in the dust; but I shall awake again, and arise in the likeness of my Redeemer; and then, indeed, I shall be satisfied, when I awake in his likeness. Thus

shall I, through the mercy of my Redeemer, be made fit to stand in the presence of my God, and not through any merits or deservings of my own. And in like manner you all, my beloved children, may be made fit, if you are brought to love your Saviour, to dwell with him in glory, whom you have followed in trouble.—Bernardo then sung this hymn:—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

The Saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise:
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen."

SEVENTH STORY.

THE next day being the birthday of the lady who had the care of the little children, she went from home to enjoy herself with some friends, and gave the children a whole holiday, with leave to spend it in the orchard. The servant also was ordered to bring them their breakfast, dinner, and supper, and spread them on the grass. They then agreed together, to spend the greater part of this day in singing their hymns, and learning by heart the verses which Bernardo had explained to them. Henry Martyn and Lucy brought their blank books, with pens and ink, to write out these verses at full length.

Had you passed by the orchard on that happy day, you would have said, surely the Millennial sabbath has commenced! surely

the kingdom of the Lamb has begun to flourish upon the earth! The orchard resounded on all sides with songs of praise and holy words. Under one tree you might see Henry Martyn, Lucy, and Emily, resting on the grass, and writing the chapters which their good old friend had explained to them. Under another tree, at some little distance, was one of the elder children, called Henrietta, sitting with her needle in her hand, whilst Sophia and Ellen, two of the lesser ones, were engaged in reading to her out of their new Bibles. The rest of the children were scattered, some here and some there, all quietly engaged, though not all, I fear, equally well employed. For although the instructive words of the good Bernardo had descended alike on each individual of this little company, yet it seems, that the preparation of the heart had not been alike in all, and that the good seed had not yet taken such deep root in some of their young hearts, as it had done in those of others, yet the restraining grace of the Holy Spirit had, we believe, been vouchsafed to the whole

company; for during that day not one angry or improper word was uttered by any one of them. There was a sweet and peaceful calm spread over the whole orchard.

The breakfast, which was sent these little children, was a nice white roll for each, with a little honey, and some milk; and after breakfast, each little party returned to the employment in which they had been before engaged.

The morning went on so pleasantly, that when they saw their dear Bernardo come into the orchard, they were quite surprised to find how the hours had passed. They were astonished, but not sorry, for they always saw him with delight; and now they ran with one accord to meet him, and to tell him that they had got a holiday, and were to dine in the orchard, and that they hoped he would dine with them—each little one offering him a share of their dinner.

The tears came into his eyes, but they

were tears of love and joy. My little sweet ones, he said, I am a poor, weak, old creature, and am obliged often to retire into a room by myself to take my rest—I should, therefore, be much fatigued were I to spend the whole day with you; but as I always take an evening walk, I will come this evening, and take my tea with you; for you are become exceedingly dear to me, and the hours I spend with you are very sweet to me. He then bent down and put his arms round one or two of the smallest of them. But now, said he, we will go to our beloved tree, and commence our daily discourse.

When the little party were once more assembled round their beloved Bernardo, he thus spoke to them:—Yesterday, my dear children, I talked to you of our King; and to-day I mean (with God's help) to speak to you of the *Royal City*—the name of this city is Jerusalem, and near to it stands Mount Zion. We ought all to love Jerusalem; for hereafter, we hope to find a home in it, as it is written in the Holy Bible.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." (Ps. cxxii. 6.)

Jerusalem was the capital city of the land of Judea. It was at Bethlehem, a little village near Jerusalem, that our Saviour was born. The holy temple of God was on Mount Zion, near Jerusalem; and there also was Mount Calvary, on which our blessed Lord was crucified.

Soon after our Lord's crucifixion, the city was besieged by the Romans, and endured very great suffering; and from that time to this, it has been lying in the dust, all its glorious buildings being destroyed, and nothing left but a few miserable cottages among ruins. The Prophet Isaiah foresaw these afflictions, which should come upon Jerusalem and the holy temple of God, when he wrote these words:—"Be not wroth very sore, O Lord, neither remember iniquity for ever: behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a

desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burnt up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." (Isai. lxiv. 9, 10, 11.)

The holy city has now lain nearly two thousand years in the dust; but in the days of the Millennium, when the blessed Saviour is King over all the earth, Jerusalem shall be raised from the dust; and "at that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord; and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem: neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart." (Jer. iii. 17.) And in the Prophet Jeremiah, (xxxiii. 12, 15, 16, 17.) it is written, "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Again in this place, which is desolate without man and without beast, and in all the cities thereof, shall be an habitation of shepherds causing their flocks to lie down. In those days, and at that time, will I cause the Branch of righteousness to grow up unto David; and he shall execute judgement and righteousness

in the land. In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely: and this is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our righteousness. For thus saith the Lord, David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of the house of Israel."

Jerusalem, in the days of Solomon, which was the period of its highest glory, was but a faint emblem of what it will be, in the latter days; when the temple of the Lord shall blaze on the heights of Zion, and the multitude of the Redeemed shall come thereunto with songs of praise and shoutings.

"In that day," saith the Prophet Zephaniah, "it shall be said to Jerusalem, Fear thou not; and to Zion, Let not thine hands be slack. The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing. Behold, at that time I will undo all that afflict thee."

My little children, may we not also hope to be of that blessed company, who shall go up with songs of praise to the heights of Zion, to behold our King in his beauty, and to magnify the praises of his redeeming love? But who can conceive the glory of that holy city, in the latter days; or the magnificence of those mountains, which stand around it, when they shall be watered by the rivers of heaven, and when the palm tree, the cedar, the cypress, the olive, the citron, and the myrtle, shall cover their solemn heights with their deep and fragrant shades.

I have, my beloved ones, visited the Indian Caucasus, the Andes, and the Alps: I have seen their glories; I have beheld their sparkling summits, towering above the clouds; I have listened to the roaring of the waters which rush from these heights into their green vallies, and marked the dark forests which intersect their barer steeps; and yet my imagination fails me when it would endeavour to represent the superior glories of the mountain of the Lord's house,

or to depict the majesty of the rocks of Zion, or towers of Jerusalem, such as they will appear when the curse is removed and the earth filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

The old gentleman then directed the little people to refer to 2 Peter iii. 7—14. "But the heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgement, and perdition of ungodly men. But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what

manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless."

The good old gentleman then directed his young pupils to find the following hymn:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my earthly wandering end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where the assembly never breaks,
And sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;

Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day!"

EIGHTH STORY.

As soon as the good Bernardo was gone, the servant brought the little children's dinner, which consisted of a raspberry puff for each, and some nice young potatoes, with salt—a very excellent dinner, and not the less delightful for being eaten upon the grass in the beloved orchard. The children told the servant, that they expected company to tea; and the servant, who was very good natured, said, that they should have every thing provided fit for the king, if he should condescend to come and take tea with them.

And I am sure, said Henry Martyn, the king himself has not a finer drawing room than we have. See how high our ceiling is! how beautifully smooth and bright it is! and how are the sides of our room adorned with

pillars and beautiful cornices! There is nothing finer than our carpet in all the king's palace.

Whilst the little party ate their dinner, they amused themselves with much pleasant discourse. After dinner they began to prepare for the reception of their dear Bernardo. The little boys gathered many flowers, and the little girls fastened them together in garlands, and hung them on the branches of the favourite tree; and when all was ready, they went up to the top of the orchard, to see if their dear old gentleman was coming. They had scarcely reached the gate at the head of the orchard, when they saw with delight their venerable friend at a distance. They did not run to meet him, for Henry Martyn said he was weak, and that perhaps they might fatigue him. So they waited quietly till he came up, and then they bowed low and courtesied, welcoming him into their beautiful parlour. He thanked them for their kindness, and they all walked down to their favourite seat, which Bernardo expres-

sed much pleasure to see thus gaily adorned. He then said, My dear little children, the pleasures we enjoy this day, are innocent pleasures;—such as we may hope to enjoy in the happy days of the Millennium. There is no worldly pomp or pride in these pleasures. Then the good old gentleman repeated a very pretty verse of a hymn.—

"These are the joys he makes us know
In fields and villages below:
Gives us a relish of his love,
But makes his noblest feast above."

Now, as it was not yet the usual hour for tea, the children asked their dear instructor, if he would be so kind as to tell them another story about the Millennium. Bernardo smiled and said, My dear little ones, I rejoice that you love my stories so well, that you can bear to hear more than one in a day.

O, Sir, said Emily, I could bear to hear twenty in a day. And so could I; and so could I; said several little voices at once.

Well, said Bernardo, let us then turn to the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, and see what we can learn from it. Every Bible in the company was now opened, and little Sophia herself was the first to say, Sir, I have found it.

Then Bernardo read the first verse:—"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots."

Jesse, said Bernardo, was the father of David, and from David descended the Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus Christ: therefore, our Lord, as to the flesh, came from Jesse, and is compared to a branch springing from a root.

Then Bernardo read again:—"And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord." On this Son of Jesse the Holy Spirit of God

will continually rest, inspiring him with strength, prudence, and the fear of the Lord.

Then Bernardo read the third, fourth, and fifth verses:—"And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears. But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth: and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked. And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins."

This glorious Son of Jesse, our Saviour and our God, said Bernardo, shall rule over the whole earth. He will be the friend of the poor and the meek, and will not take part against the poor of the earth, as the world now does: and the words which go out of his mouth, will smite the earth, and the wicked will not be able to stand before his word: and as the people in the eastern

countries gird themselves, when they go forth to work, so shall he, when he goes forth to rule his people, be girt round with righteousness and faithfulness.

Then Bernardo read the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth verses of the same chapter:—"The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice-den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

These verses, said Bernardo, represent the happy and peaceful state of the world, when our Saviour shall be Lord over all the

earth: and we suppose that these verses, like every other part of prophecy, have two meanings—that is, their literal and their typical meaning; the first, the plain and open sense, which every one who chooses may understand; and the second, a more hidden meaning, which, perhaps, cannot be understood without some peculiar help from on high.

Ever since sin came into the world, every part of the creation has been at war with some other part; and every creature has preyed upon some other creature. Man against man, and beast against beast: each one making a prey of another—so that we cannot walk out of our houses, or look out of our windows, without seeing some act of cruelty. The woods and fields are filled with wild creatures, which live by destroying each other. The birds of the air are equally cruel, and the fish of the sea exceed almost all other creatures in cruelty and voraciousness. Men are not only cruel to each other, but they make it a matter of sport and plea-

sure to destroy animals; and when we hear the cry of the hunter, we may then remember, that it is from the evil one that human beings have derived that disposition whereby they are led to enjoy themselves, by inflicting death for their amusement. But when the earth shall enjoy its Millennial sabbath, no such scenes of cruelty will ever be exhibited on its peaceful bosom. The hart and hind will then crop their tender food, without fear, on the cedar-crowned hills and thymy downs. The dove will wing her way through the fragrant air, without dread or apprehension. The young of the tender gazelle will frisk and play at the very mouth of the lion's den. The calf and the young lion will sleep side by side, in the peaceful woods. The blessed children of God shall then be fed as lambs in a large place; and the little ones in Christ will lie down to sleep on the green bank, whilst the crested serpent, then become innocuous, is gliding by. Little boys now often delight to torment poor animals; but those who partake of the Millennium of the sabbath, will be

tender, harmless, and full of holy love. They will wonder how it had ever been possible for them, in their former state of being, to have taken delight in any cruel sports. On the hills and vallies of the earth, in its state of rest, nothing that is unclean or noxious shall ever come: "for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." The moon, in her course round the earth, will shine only on peaceful hills and quiet vallies. No cry of distress will ascend to the clouds: but the odours of thanksgiving, and of praise, will rise without ceasing towards the starry heavens.

Whilst Bernardo uttered these last words, the servant appeared at the head of the orchard, bending under the weight of a large basket. Bernardo, who was the first to see him, announced his appearance with a smile.

We will break off our discourse now, said he, and enjoy the refreshments which our Heavenly Father has sent us; and we will

finish our feast with a hymn. And you, my little ones, shall help this good man who is so kind as to take so much trouble in serving us; and shall assist in arranging our treat upon the grass.

In obedience to their dear instructor's commands, all the little gay ones sprang from the grass on which they were seated, to help in the arrangement of the cups and saucers, the rolls and cream, and the other various articles which the servant had brought to entertain them and the good Bernardo. When the boys had spread their pinafores on the bank, the old gentleman took his place among them.

And now how cheerful, how delighted, was this little company! they said, that they had never been so happy before; and I believe, that what they then asserted was perfectly true; for they had never, till then, understood how it was possible to blend religious and holy feelings with their pleasures. They had, indeed, been indulged in

many holidays, and several feasts in the open air, before that day; but they had never before enjoyed the sweet sense of the divine presence and approbation.

When children are at play, how pleasant it is for them to know that their parents are looking upon them, and approving what they are about. How much sweeter then is it to think, that our Heavenly Father is looking down upon us, and is pleased with us!

When they had finished their repast, Bernardo chose the following hymn; after which, he took his leave, and the children went home, where they failed not to thank the kind lady for the indulgences which had been allowed them that day.

"Our God, our life, our love!
To thee, to thee, we call;
We cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer
  This earth in which we dwell;
'Tis paradise if thou art here;
  If thou depart, 'tis hell.

Not all the harps above
  Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
  Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
  Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
  Without thy presence, Lord."

NINTH STORY.

This summer, so happy to the little children, was the finest which had been known for many years. The sky was continually of a bright and clear blue, and the air filled with the perfume of many flowers and delicate blossoms. The grass was scattered over with primroses, cowslips, and oxslips, amongst which many bees continually busied themselves, in collecting their sweet food. The children became every day more attached to the venerable Bernardo, and, through the divine blessing, their hearts became more devoted to holy things. Little children in general, when they meet together, talk of very foolish, and sometimes even of very wicked things, being naturally full of boastings, and speaking proudly of themselves. Some children, indeed, are so wicked as to

speak lies, and to utter bad words. But those dear little ones, who daily sat listening at the feet of the good Bernardo, were brought to leave off many of their former evil practices; and no foolish discourse was now allowed in their happy society.

Let us live together, said Henry Martyn one day to his companions, as the holy children will do in the days of the Millennium: and let us talk of such things as the boys and girls who play in the streets of Jerusalem may be supposed to speak of.

But, dear Henry Martyn, answered Lucy, we cannot do this well without divine help; therefore, we must not forget to pray for this help. The Holy Spirit will help us, if we ask him; and nothing will be denied us that we seek in the name of our Saviour: for I found these words written in my Bible yesterday, and they are the words of our Saviour himself:—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works

than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do; that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it." (John xiv. 12—14.)

The children were sitting under their favourite tree, waiting for Bernardo, the day after the holiday, when this conversation passed between Lucy and Henry Martyn. Lucy had just finished reading her verses, when they saw the dear old gentleman coming towards them.

Bernardo beheld his little flock gathered together, and smiled when he drew near, especially when he perceived that they had all been engaged with their Bibles. Having seated himself, and somewhat recovered his breath, he repeated these verses from the first Psalm:—"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: but his delight

is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

When Bernardo had repeated these verses, the children, who had turned to them in their Bibles, asked him to be so kind as to explain them for their instruction.

Most willingly, said Bernardo, will I do so. But first, my dear little ones, do you all stand up, and look directly towards the south, over the meadows and corn fields, as far as your eyes can reach: and tell me what you see.

Henry Martyn, speaking for the rest, said, We see something like a round hill; and there seems to be upon the top of it either a high building or a clump of trees.

That hill which you see, said Bernardo, is a high sandy common, dry and barren; and the object upon the top of it, is a clump of stunted and miserable fir trees. I have often travelled past the place, and remarked its forlorn and desolate appearance. The reason why that place is so much more barren and miserable than other parts of the country, is the extreme dryness of the soil. The land is sandy, and whatever moisture comes to it from heaven, in the nature of dew or rain, either immediately runs off from it, because of its high situation, or sinks into the sand. No refreshing streams of water run through this barren tract; and here are no fountains, or fresh springs, rising from the earth. Therefore, every tree and herb which proceeds from the ground in this place, is stunted, blasted, and miserable. Also, over this common there blows continually a dry parching wind, which often takes up the sand and drives it into heaps and mounds. This wind also takes up the leaves of the trees and plants which are fallen to the ground, and drives them before it. But if

a spring of water were suddenly to gush out from the summit of this sandy hill, and continue to pour its fresh stream over this now dry and barren heath, the seeds which are carried thither by the birds, and dropped upon the sand, would presently take root; and green grass, and flowering herbs, and shadowy trees would presently appear, and the barren height would soon be crowned with verdure, and the barren wilderness become a fruitful field.

Now, said the venerable Bernardo, from what I have just told you, my dear little children, you may understand several passages of Scripture, which are sealed up and dark to many persons older than yourselves. In many parts of the Bible, men are compared to trees and plants springing out of the earth, and receiving their life and nourishment from the earth: these passages are, "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheeps clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of

thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." (Matt. vii. 15—17.)

Our Saviour himself is signified under the emblem of the *tree of life*. We have the same figure also in the fable of Jotham, wherein the trees of the forest are represented as choosing unto themselves a king. "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over

the trees? Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon." (Judges ix. 8—15.)

Thus we find that trees are in Scripture representatives of men. In like manner the rain and dew of heaven, the brooks and fountains, which support and nourish these trees, are well known to be emblematic of the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit: for as the rain or dew which falls upon herbs and grass, makes them fresh, fragrant, and flourishing; and as the spring which bathes the roots of the tree, which grows by the water-side, causes its leaf to spring, and its blossom to expand; so, in like manner, the Holy Spirit, entering into the stony heart of man, renders it soft and tender, that it no longer refuses to admit the good seed, but becomes capable of affording it that

nourishment which shall enable it to bring forth fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, and in others a hundred fold.

And now, my dear children, proceeded Bernardo, take your Bibles, and turn to the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, which is a joyful thanksgiving of the faithful for the mercies of God. Bernardo now paused a moment, till the children had all found their places, and then he proceeded to read the chapter from beginning to end.

"And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion: for great is the holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

When the old gentleman had finished this chapter, he asked Henry Martyn to tell him whether he found any thing in it which he did not understand.

I understand, Sir, said Henry Martyn, that this is a song of praise, to be sung in the day when the Lord delivers his people from their enemies, and causes them to rejoice. At the time when he makes them to know that he has forgiven them.

And I understand, said Lucy, what is meant by "drawing waters out of the wells of salvation." Christ is our salvation, and it is from the depths of his love, that we are enabled to draw forth the blessings of his spirit, which are compared to waters lying in a deep well.

When Bernardo heard these words spoken by little Lucy, he lifted up his eyes and hands, saying softly to himself, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

This is a song, said Emily, which will, I doubt not, be often sung in the happy days of the Millennium.

It was on account of this expression, "Ye shall draw water out of the wells of salvation," my dear children, that I chose this chapter. We began our conversation by speaking of trees, and showing you that they are the types of men, chiefly of men professing to be religious. We will converse further on this subject to-morrow. But, before I go, I will say something more upon the nature of water, and its meaning in types.

The water which is upon the earth may be divided into dead, stagnant waters, and

fresh and living waters. In all their forms and appearances they are the emblems of life. The dead waters being the type of the multitude of those who possess natural life, and are spiritually dead. The fresh and living waters are types of spiritual life. This is imparted by the Lord the Spirit. If trees, then, and herbs, and plants, are the types of men, fresh water, by which trees are nourished, is the type of the Holy Spirit, which being imparted to the soul makes it live again, and flourish, and produce good works. As trees cannot live without water, so must we cease to live as Christians, whenever the Holy Spirit is withheld.

Take notice, my dear little ones, of the effect of gentle showers and rain upon your fields and gardens. Look at a rose-bud washed in dew, and compare it with one enclosed in a dusty parlour; observe the freshness of every leaf after having been moistened in the summer shower. Look at the trees whose roots are bathed in a running stream, and learn the lesson which

these will teach us: as *they* cannot live without water, so, without the refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit, daily and hourly supplied, we must wither and die away, and our root must be rottenness, and our blossom go up as dust.

The good Bernardo then sung this hymn, and took his leave.

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh, and spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantations grow.

Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath."

TENTH STORY.

NEAR the place in which Bernardo sat with his little party, was a beautiful young mountain ash. In the spring it had produced many fair white blossoms; and as the season advanced, these blossoms had become berries, red and glossy—no beads of coral were ever more beautiful, or more finely polished. But during the night following the day on which Bernardo had given the little ones the lesson relative to trees, and fresh flowing waters, a violent wind had arisen, and had broken down this fair and flourishing young tree at its root; so that, in the morning, the owner thereof was compelled to cut it quite short to the ground.

When the little ones came into the orchard at their usual time, they were much grieved

to find the havock which had been made by the storm with their favourite young tree; and they were still lamenting over the fallen trunk and branches, already withering for want of sap, which was no longer administered by the root, when the good Bernardo appeared amongst them.

The old gentleman had ever a heart to partake of the little pains and pleasures of his flock, and a readiness of conception, whereby he turned every event to improvement. So soon, therefore, as he was seated with his young folks around him, he said, My children, I am sorry for the mischance which has befallen your beautiful tree. But the root of your tree, my little ones, still remains in the ground, and there is life therein. Let us not then utterly despair, or suppose that the glory of your tree is for ever passed away.

Open your Bibles, and look to Job xiv. 7—12. "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and

that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

Do you recollect, my little ones, said Bernardo, when he had finished these verses, the subject of our discourse yesterday, and, that I informed you, that trees were the emblem of good and bad men; and flowing brooks, dew, and mist, the emblem of the gifts and graces of the Lord the Spirit.

Oh, Sir, replied Henry Martyn, we shall never forget these things, whenever we see trees, and flowing waters, and gentle rains, we shall certainly think of them.

So far so well, my children, said Bernardo; and now prepare yourselves to hear another mystery: It is written in St. Matthew, xv. 13. "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." But as Job saith, "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down." Therefore, for those holy persons of whom good trees are the emblem, though they be cut down, by temporal death, to the very root, yet by the scent of waters, or the influences of the Holy Spirit they will revive again, and flourish anew in everlasting glory, in the resurrection. Here, then, my children, you see in all particulars the fitness of the emblem. The root of the good tree is that vital principle in the nature of the converted man, which can never die. The whole face of the earth in which we now live is filled with these imperishable roots; and the time will come, even the time of the Millennial Sabbath, when all these shall be sensible of the scent of the life-giving waters. Then will they burst forth, as a new creation, in all the glories of immortal verdure, and

never fading bloom. There will be those of whom the palm-tree with her royal crown, was the acknowledged emblem; those who were represented by the willow of the brook, with her glossy leaves; those of whom the citron, the myrtle, the pomegranate, and the cedar are the type; and those more humble and retired characters, who were represented by the lily of the valley, and the fresh herb of the field. Oh, my children, what a period will that be, when this new creation shall break forth, and fill the whole earth with its shade and fragrance! The old gentleman then directed the children to look for Isaiah, xxvi. 19. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." Then he pointed out to them how wonderfully the true understanding of emblems unfolded the darkest parts of Scripture; and how this knowledge tended to fit the most ordinary transactions of life for the conveyance of instruction; and how views of this kind

filled the heart with assurances of future happiness, by showing how all the visible creation was filled with the earnests of that future happiness, which was prepared for man.

When the next spring-tide arrives you will see fresh shoots springing from yonder burried root, my children. And, proceeded the old gentleman, you will then be reminded of the promises of God, as they respect those now sleeping in the dust; and your desires of being united with Christ, and being found with him in death, will be renewed and confirmed to this end, that you may be made partakers of that new creation, which shall arise to beautify the Sabbath of the Millennium. For know this, my litle ones, that while the emblem of the root of a tree, is most encouraging to those who are united unto the Saviour, it is infinitely terrible to those, who refuse the salvation offered to them through Christ.

The old gentleman then directed the little

people to turn first to Isaiah v. 24. then to Malachi iv. 1, 3. "Therefore, as the fire devoureth the stubble, and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust. Because they have cast away the law of the Lord of hosts, and despised the word of the holy One of Israel. "For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet, in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of hosts."

To those, my children, who die in their sins, there is no hope, no spirit of life, no scent of waters; but one long night, one terrible despair. Oh, my little ones, ye beloved of my heart, seek, therefore, *now*, at this present time, to the Lord your God. Call on him *now* that he is near. Cast yourselves upon his mercy, and be assured, that

he who gave you the heart to call upon him, will finish his own work, and make you to flourish like the palm-tree in the temple of his Zion. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." (Psalm xcii. 12.)

The good old gentleman then bade his children to look into their hymn-book, and join with him in singing the following hymn.

"Great God, we own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
We yield our bodies to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

The mighty conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

Then shall we see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace,
With pleasure and surprise."

ELEVENTH STORY.

When the little children arrived the next day in the orchard, they saw a number of feathers lying under a tree, which led them to suppose, that there had been some quarrel amongst the birds that usually frequented the trees of that orchard; or that, perhaps, the gardener had killed one or more of them, to be a terror to the rest who came to steal the fruit. Amongst these spoils little Sophia found one or two small blue feathers, beautifully spotted with black. Those feathers, said Henry, once belonged to a jay, which is a very fierce and wild bird, and now I think of it, we will ask our dear old friend to explain to us what he promised to do about wool, and hair, and feathers.

I cannot think what these things have to do with the Bible, said Lucy.

O, replied Henry, there is a great deal about wool and hair in the Bible. I can show you some of these verses whilst we are waiting here.

The little ones then sat down round the place where they were accustomed to sit with the dear old gentleman, but before they could find their verses, he was come to them, and was close up to them before they had observed him. They immediately made way for him to come to his place. When they had inquired after his health, for they fancied he looked somewhat more pale and feeble than usual, they reminded him of the promise he had made them of explaining to them the emblematic meaning of wool, hair, scales, and feathers.

My little ones, replied Bernardo, I am much pleased that you should remind me of this promise; and I shall have the greatest delight in explaining this emblem to you. But, added he, before I can enter on this subject with advantage, I must ascertain

how far my previous instructions have profited you, and endeavour to find out whether you have a clear idea of the great scheme of man's salvation, with which this subject has a most particular connexion.

The children looked at each other with some surprise; for Lucy had just before said, What can wool, hair, and feathers have to do with the Bible?

And first, said Bernardo, will you tell me what you understand respecting the nature of God?

There is one God, replied Henry, who generally spoke for the rest; and in that God there are Three Persons;—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.

And what, said Bernardo, directing his question to Lucy, what are the qualities (we call them the *attributes*) of this great God, my dear little lady?

He can do any thing he pleases, said Lucy; and he knows every thing, and he is every where, and he is without any fault.

Very well, said Bernardo; he must then, if he knows every thing, be acquainted with every thing which is to happen from this time for ever?

To be sure, said Lucy.

Well then, returned Bernardo, before he made this world, he knew that sin would enter into it, through the malice of Satan.

Yes, Sir, replied Lucy.

What then did he resolve to do, in order to save the poor creatures whom he had determined in his wisdom to create? asked Bernardo, looking at Emily.

He resolved, replied the little girl to whom Bernardo had looked for an answer to this question, to send his Son to die for us.

But could he not have forgiven us without so dreadful a sacrifice as that of his Son?

Emily reflected a moment, and then said, I suppose he could, because he can do every thing.

Understand this, my child, replied Bernardo; that God can do every thing which does not do dishonour to himself. There is one thing which must be clearly understood—that all the qualities or attributes of God are perfect: he is perfectly holy, perfectly just, and perfectly merciful. If he is perfectly holy, he cannot endure wickedness; if he is perfectly just, he must punish it; if he is perfectly merciful, he must provide a way for the sinner to escape. Now I ask you how was this to be done? how were all these attributes to be preserved complete, in any other way which we can conceive, than by the way which Almighty wisdom has actually taken; namely, by the appointment of God the Son for the work of man's salvation? By punishing the sins

of the human race in the person of Christ, who for our sakes became a perfect man, he showed his hatred of sin, and made known to all creation his determination of always punishing it, whenever it should break out; and by accepting the atonement made by his dear Son, he showed his mercy and his perfect justice.

According to this wonderful plan, Christ became man at the end of the fourth millenary of the world; and in his own person performed in life, that work of obedience which no mere man could ever execute; and in death endured the punishment due to the whole human race. "For as in Adam all died, so in Christ all are made alive." That is, the way of salvation is laid open to all; and we have nothing more to desire, than to be united with this our Saviour, and to be made partakers of his righteousness, in order to be admitted to everlasting glory.

And now, my dear children, permit me

to question you once again. Suppose yourselves to be poor, ragged, condemned creatures, standing and crying for mercy at the gate of a palace, belonging to a king, whom you have justly offended, and knowing that if you remain without, you will assuredly fall a prey to some dreadful enemy; now I say, what are the things which you would require, in order to your due acceptance into that palace?

First of all, said Henry Martyn, we should require to have our offences forgiven.

Well then, said Bernardo, the king's son comes and tells you that he has borne your punishment, and paid your penalties. What next would you require, your justification having been thus obtained?

We should next be required to be made clean from our offences, said Emily.

Well then, replied Bernardo, the king's son shows you a fountain to wash you in,

and applies its waters himself;—would you then be satisfied?

No, replied Lucy, there would be something more wanting; we could not appear in the palace in our rags; we should want a dress in which to be presented to the king.

Now, said Bernardo, we are come to the point from whence we set out. You would undoubtedly, as you say, want some garments wherein to appear before the king, and wherein to make an acceptable figure in the royal courts. And now, my children, I must make you understand what is the emblematic signification of every sort of garment or covering of the body.

All coverings of the body, of whatever kind they may be, may be classed under two heads. First, such as are produced by the body itself, such as hair, feathers, scales, or wool; and, secondly, such as are imputed or put on, as linen, &c. These two different species of garments, viz. those produced by

the body itself, and those which are put on or assumed, are equally emblematic of that spiritual covering, which we shall call the qualities of the soul. Those qualities which are natural to man, be they good or evil, are therefore typified by wool, hair, and feathers; and those which are imputed to man, either by Christ or false teachers and devils, are symbolized by garments prepared and assumed, independent of the natural man.

And now, my children, let us endeavour to trace this emblem throughout the course of Scripture. When Adam and Eve were first made, they had no clothing but their hair. Hair is the type of man's natural righteousness, viz. his own good qualities. Before Adam fell, he wanted no other covering; his righteousness was sufficient for him. But as soon as he had sinned, he was made to understand that it was necessary for him to have another covering. And thus the solemn truth was first taught to fallen man, that it was needful for him to obtain

another covering, namely, the righteousness of God the Son, which is typified in Scripture as a white linen garment without spot or stain. Hair, my children, is, therefore, the emblem of man's own imperfect qualities. Feathers, wool, and scales, are all emblems, having the same signification; they are all types of the inherent qualities of the creature, whether good or bad: and, for this same cause, frogs and toads, bats and serpents, are always counted as types of unclean things, because they have no covering—no, not even the covering of natural righteousness, however imperfect.

And now, my dear Henry, continued Bernardo, you may see the reason wherefore it was a frequent custom among the ancients to shave the hair and throw it at the foot of the altar. It was as much as to say, I cast off all my own natural good works as nought, and trust only in my God. This was a reason, also, wherefore the Israelites were not suffered to wear a garment mixed with linen and woollen, because we are not

to mingle our own righteousness with that of Christ. And hence we find our Saviour, when bearing the sins of the world, as having his hair black as a raven ; and when the work of redemption was finished, as having his locks white as wool.

Oh ! my little ones, beloved of my heart, said Bernardo, what wonderful mysteries unfold themselves, when we study the holy word of God ! What bright hopes, what sweet promises, what brilliant prospects, are there exhibited to us ! What comfort is there provided for the helpless sinner ! Surely, my little ones, when these things are well considered, there ought to remain no fears in our breasts. For are we afraid by reason of our sins against God ? has not the Almighty provided the means of our justification ?—Are we ashamed of our polluted state ? has not the dear Saviour provided a fountain for our purification ?—Are we afraid of our unworthiness ? has he not prepared for us fair and royal garments, wherein to appear in the presence of our

God? Therefore "we will greatly rejoice in the Lord, our souls shall be joyful in our God; for he hath clothed us with the garments of salvation, he hath covered us with the robes of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." (Isai. lxi. 10.) "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." (Psalm lxviii. 13.)

I understand it all now, said Henry Martyn, with exultation; I see it from the beginning to the end.

What do you see, my boy? said Bernardo.

I see it all, replied the little boy: how I am to be saved, and how we are all to be saved. I have been a sinner ever since I was born; but that will not cause my destruction, because God the Son has borne my punishment, and God the Father gave him to be in my place. I am still filthy and

polluted by sin, but I shall be made clean through the power of God the Holy Spirit, whose influences are compared to the effects of pure water; and because I have no good works of my own to boast of, but am like a frog, or a serpent, or a bat, without any covering, I shall be arrayed in the righteousness of my Saviour, a robe of fine white linen, bright as the sun, and then I shall be fit to appear with boldness in the presence of my God.

And then, Henry, said Lucy, you may say what is written in the Psalms xvii, xx, and what we found the other day engraven on a baby's tomb:—"As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

My blessed little ones, said Bernardo, spreading his hands over the heads of the children, as they sat at his feet, and lifting his eyes towards the heavens; for your sakes I have reason to lift up my heart in thanksgiving to God. For the Lord has heard my

prayers for you; and now, were I to depart to-morrow, I should die in the full assurance of your final happiness.

We may not henceforward meet often on earth, but you, my children, will ever bear in memory the happy hours we have spent in this lovely orchard; you will recollect the views I have given you of the divine love; you will be drawn to God by love, and when you have offended him, you will mourn, as one who mourns for a father, or an only son. Farewell, my little sweet ones, my hour is past; I must depart, yet, before I go, let me say with holy John, "my little children love one another." The old man here paused, and then proceeded to this effect.—

And now, my beloved ones, I find it necessary for me to return home, as quickly as I can, for I feel something of a faintness at my heart; but as I go slowly up the orchard, let me hear you sing the last hymn in your collection. Bernardo then rose and took his staff, and the little ones turned to the hymn

which had been pointed out, and began to sing.

My soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my shepherd speaks.

"I know my sheep, he cries,
"My soul approves them well;
"Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
"And vain the rage of hell.

"I freely feed them now
"With tokens of my love;
"But richer pastures I prepare,
"And sweeter streams above.

"Unnumbered years of bliss
"I to my sheep will give;
"And while my throne unshaken stands,
"Shall all my chosen live.

"This tried almighty hand
"Is raised for their defence;
"Where is the power shall reach them there,
Or what shall force them thence."

Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let Faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

As the children concluded the last stanza of the hymn, the venerable Bernardo passed away from their view, and they all returned to their home, with a feeling of melancholy, for which they could hardly account.

TWELFTH STORY.

You will not suppose, my little reader, that the dear children of whom I have written so much, had attempted to conceal the visits of Bernardo from the lady who took care of them. I am happy to have it in my power to say, that they had, from the first, informed her of his visits, and repeated to her much of his conversation; and there was reason to think, that she had become interested in these reports; for she had assisted Henry Martyn and Lucy to write down the verses which Bernardo had explained to them, together with his comments, in the blank book which he had given them: and, surely, she could not have done this without some profit to her own soul.

Lucy and Emily had often begged her to

accompany them to the orchard, in order that she might see and hear Bernardo ; and this very day, when the little ones were all met at dinner, she said to them, that she had made up her mind to go with them the next morning to the orchard.

The next morning came, and it was a fine morning ; the birds were singing, the lambs bleating in the adjoining fields, and the flowers were shedding their odours on every breeze. The lady walked down to the tree, and sat waiting for the good old gentleman, with her children round her, in the usual place. For the first quarter of an hour, Henry Martyn, at her request, amused the little party by finding verses relative to the various subjects of discourse, which had passed in that sweet spot. But, at length, as the time passed, the little party became uneasy. Lucy begged the lady to look at her watch, and Henry went up to the head of the orchard, to look for his beloved old friend. He even went through the gate, and along the lane beyond, under the hawthorn

hedge, for the space of a quarter of a mile, but he saw no living creature in the lane, and heard no sound but the cawing of rooks on the summits of some lofty trees in the hedge row. At length, he returned; and when he was seen coming down the orchard, sorrowful and alone, tears came into the eyes of several of the chidren; and Lucy, breaking forth into a burst of sorrow, exclaimed, I thought it would be so! I felt yesterday, when we were singing that farewell hymn, that we should never see him again. Oh Lucy, said Emily, don't say so: pray don't say so: but the little girl could add no more. All the rest of the children then added their expressions of grief. The lady tried to comfort them, and told them, that if the good old gentleman did not come, she would take them in the evening to the village of Saint Mary's, and that they should call at his house, and inquire after his health.

The little children were comforted by this assurance, and when the hour in which they might still expect him was completely ex-

pired, they all returned to the house, and waited with patience till the evening should come, and the lady should be ready to accompany them to Saint Mary's.

The distance from the lady's house to the village was not great, but the children thought the way long, so impatient were they to hear news of their beloved Bernardo.

The village of Saint Mary's was built around a fresh and level green; it consisted of many thatched cottages standing in gardens, and some brick houses with sashed windows, shaded by tall shrubs; the church stood a little behind some of the best houses, and its spire appeared as if rising from a cluster of trees.

We shall know our dear old gentleman's house, said Lucy, by the flowers in the window. He told us to look for flowers in his window. And there they are, exclaimed Emily; look just before you, see that large thatched cottage, with a porch covered with

eglantine, and one of the upper windows is open, and filled with flowers.

The lady who had heard this remark, replied, yes, that is the house where the old gentleman lodges; when you told me that you had met him in the orchard, I inquired about him, and found where he lodged; and also found, that though he came from a distance, his family and character were well known; and many poor people told me, that he was very rich, if any judgement could be formed from his great liberality to all in need.

By this time they were come to the gate of the garden, (for the cottage stood in a garden,) and a neat old woman was coming out from the porch to receive them. The children thought they could discern an expression of sadness in her countenance, and they were afraid to make the inquiries for which they were come. The lady, however, spoke for them, and asked after the old gentleman.

Alas, Madam! replied the cottager, he is no more! and I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life. So saying, she invited them into the house.

No more! repeated the lady; what, is he dead?

Yes, Madam, replied the woman, he is dead! and his death was dreadfully sudden:—dreadfully so to me, but not so to him, for he was ready to depart; and he was found watching when his Lord came; for he had his Bible in his hand, as he was sitting in his chamber after he came in from his walk yesterday at noon; and it was the heavy fall of his Bible, as it dropped from his hand, which caused me to run up to his room, and find him just at the moment in which his spirit departed: for he breathed only one long, breath after I had entered his room, and never moved again.

The poor woman had hardly finished her recital, before the whole house was filled

with the lamentations of the children. Henry Martyn ran out into the garden to weep alone; little Sophia and Ellen cried aloud; some of the boys sobbed audibly; and the elder girls all shed tears apart, or hanging on each others bosoms.

Ah! my little ones, said the old woman, you may well be grieved. You are no doubt the little flock of whom I have heard the dear master speak so often of late days; and it was no doubt for you, that he was sorting some new books but yesterday morning; and there they are now, on his little table up above stairs. But he was a true saint, if ever there was one on earth;—a humble, holy man, good Madam; one who loved the company of little children, of every degree and condition; for he would gather the children of the village under the great tree in the middle of the green, and take the little ones on his knees, and talk to them so sweetly about their Saviour, and about heaven, that he seemed almost to open a new world to them. Not a week passed but he

had large boxes of books, of different sorts and sizes, and pictures, and knives, and scissors, and other needful things, which he distributed among the little ones. But, Lady, he sought not the company of older people, unless they were poor, or in distress; and he was very silent in the company of such, so that no one would have supposed that he had the knowledge of his Bible, which he surely had above all the men I ever saw in my life.

The poor woman would have added more, but the tears and sobs of the children prevented her. They all made it their request, with one accord, to be permitted to take their last farewell of their dear old friend. This was a favour not to be denied them; but when the door, which opened from the kitchen upon the stairs, was unclosed for them, Henry Martyn requested that no person might go up with them, but those who had been accustomed to meet with the deceased in the orchard. The lady hesitated a moment, but then gave her consent; and

the old woman having directed Henry which way to turn, he went forward, followed by his little companions.

The chamber in which the venerable remains of the good Bernardo lay, faced the head of the stairs. It was closed. Henry opened it slowly, and entered, followed by all his little friends. It was a humble, white-washed chamber, having nothing to mark it from the most ordinary apartment, but its extreme neatness, together with some rude shelves well filled with books. The chair in which the venerable man had died, stood by the bed; before it a small table, and on the table, were arranged a number of new books, which the young people supposed to be those that the excellent old gentleman had set aside, on the very morning of his death, for the little beloved ones who were now come to take their last adieu. The venerable remains were laid out on the bed, and covered with flowers. A part of the sheet was laid over the face. Henry Martyn advanced to the bed, and uncovered

the face. It was little altered, though pale, and fixed; the sweet composure of the countenance, however, still remained. The children all gathered round the bed; the little ones wept bitterly, and sobbed aloud; but the tears trickled silently down the cheeks of the elder children. They stood still and silent for some moments; then Henry Martyn knelt down, and the rest did the same. O! who can say what passed in their young minds, during the few solemn moments in which they knelt silently round the bed? At length, Henry Martyn lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and said:

"Oh, my God, grant unto us poor sinful children, that we may never forget what we have been taught by this holy man; and that we may be kept from wickedness, and may be made one with our dear Saviour; and that the Holy Spirit may always be with us, to help us to do well; and that, after death, we may be raised up in glory, to unite once again in the song of praise with our dear, dear Bernardo!" So speaking, he rose,

kissed the cold forehead of the departed saint, and was imitated in this action by all his young companions. The little party then left the chamber of the dead, and went down to the lady, who, afterwards, having herself visited the remains of Bernardo, led them home.

During their walk back, not a word was said by any of the party. But after supper, the lady called Henry and Lucy into her room, and thus addressed them:—My dear children, I have this evening been made to feel, that I have been very sinful in not studying the Scriptures myself, and not giving you that sort of instruction which is above all price. I am not ashamed to confess the fault of which I have been made sensible; and from this time, we will, with God's blessing, devote one hour every day to studying our Bible. I cannot teach you as he did, who is now no more; but I will do my best, and I shall not despair of the divine help. This shall be the tribute we will endeavour to pay to the memory of Bernardo.

We will attempt to follow his steps, and look forward with the sweet hope of meeting him in glory.

I could say much of what passed at the funeral of Bernardo, to which all the little children were invited; but it was a scene which might better be conceived than described. It was a season of tender joy, on account of the happiness into which it could not be doubted, but that the venerable saint had been admitted, blended with a large proportion of natural sorrow.

After the funeral, all the children who had loved Bernardo in that parish, and they were many, went back to the house, where he had died, to receive the various gifts which had been prepared for them, by the excellent old gentleman before his death. The beloved little company who had so often met him in the orchard, brought back with them a store of precious books, which supplied them with sources of study and delight for many months.

The recollection of Bernardo, and his holy lessons, never passed away from the minds of the lady and her children. When I was a little child, I saw Henry Martyn, who was then a man in advanced life; he was a minister of our blessed religion, and the father of many children, having married one of his early companions; and I heard him tell my parents, that, of all those who had been the friends of his childhood, he had reason to entertain the sweetest hopes; many, he said, were already dead, but all, he trusted, had died in faith; and of those who still lived he entertained the best assurances of their spiritual welfare. He spoke affectionately of his instructress, who was then no more, and said, that he had attended her to the last, and heard her bless Bernardo with her latest breath.

And now, what more can I add to my little narrative, but to entreat you, my dear little readers, to search your Bibles? Endeavour to obtain that spirit, by which, you may be enabled to feed with hope on those

blessed promises, and glorious prospects, which remain closely hidden and sealed from the worldly and careless reader, but which unfold themselves to him who reads in faith and love.

THE END.

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